Bullseye was the world's deadliest assassin, a man capable of turning any object into a lethal weapon. His unhealthy obsession with the hero Daredevil led him to perform increasingly sociopathic acts of violence--most of which ended with Bullseye broken, beaten, or behind bars. After a year as a member of the Thunderbolts, Bullseye was offered the chance of a lifetime by Norman Osborn, the newly elected director of H.A.M.M.E.R., America's peacekeeping task force.

In exchange for a life of leisure and riches, Bullseye would join Osborn's new Avengers. The catch: the assassin has to don the mask and identity of Hawkeye, the wisecracking archer. Joining other similarly disguised super villians, "Hawkeye" and his teammates would become the means by which Osborn controlled America. And their new employer has but one rule: these killers must act like heroes. Or else.

Osborn's happy with the quick work Hawkeye made of a terrorist cell called the P.T.S.F. (Peace Through Superior Firepower) - but not so thrilled with the discovery of a dead Senator carved with cross hairs in his forehead - Bulleye's old trademark. Hawkeye hasn't been a saint, but was right by his conviction it was a set-up. What he didn't suspect is that he's been framed by his supposedly dearly departed dad, "The Kingmaker"...who is clearly alive!

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DARK REIGN: HAWKEYE No. 5, March, 2009. Published Monthly by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016.
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$2.99 per copy in the U.S. (TST #R127032852) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in Canada.** ALAN FINE, CEO Marvel Publishing and EVP & CMO Marvel Characters B.V.; DAN BUCKLEY, Chief Executive Officer and Publisher – Print, Animation & Digital Media; JIM SOKOLOWSKI, Chief Operating Officer; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management; MICHAEL PASCIULLO, VP of Merchandising & Communications; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN IANNI, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIEL, Director of Publishing & Editorial Operations; SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Ron Stern, VP of Business Development, at rstern@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

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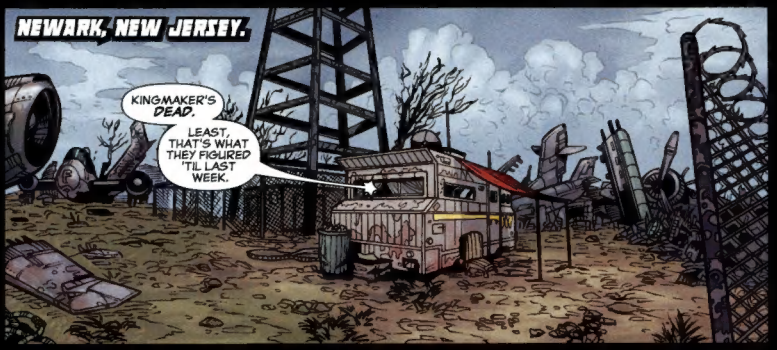
P.T.S.F. HQ.
LOCATION UNKNOWN.
HE'S LOOSE--!
TRANQUILIZE HIM! QUICKLY--!
SAY, DOC...
...YOU DROPPED THIS!
SHUNK
AAAGH!

DOCTOR...!
NURSE!
KLUNCH
KEEP STILL! THIS WON'T HURT A BIT--
DAMN STRAIGHT IT WON'T!
NOT ME, ANYWAY--
AAAAH!
KRAK
SOLO! TELEPORT TO MEDICAL, AT ONCE!
I NEED HELP--!

WHY THE HELL WOULD I DO THAT? EVERYTHING YOU TOLD ME WAS A LIE!
A LIE TO BULLSEYE! JUST ANOTHER PART OF MY GRAND DECEPTION!
THERE'S MORE TO ALL THIS THAN YOU CAN UNDERSTAND--!
NICE TRY, DAD. I'LL SEE YOU IN--
--eh?
FAP
HUH.
I WASN'T SURE THAT WOULD WORK.

YOU POOR, DUMB SAP. HAVEN'T YOU FIGURED OUT HE'S BEEN PLAYING YOU ALL ALONG?
THAT'S WHY I NEED HIM ALIVE.
I WANT ANSWERS, DAMMIT!
HE'LL KILL US BOTH!
I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE ANSWERS YOU WANT! BUT FIRST YOU HAVE TO KILL BULLSEYE!
TOO LATE!
SON OF A--!
THAT TELEPORT GIMMICK GETS OLD REAL QUICK.
THUNK


NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.
KINGMAKER'S DEAD.
LEAST, THAT'S WHAT THEY FIGURED 'TIL LAST WEEK.

BY "THEY" YOU MEAN THE N.S.A.
THEY GOT THESE UNDER-GROUND PRISONS. BLACK, OFF THE GRID, TOTALLY DENIABLE.
ONE OF 'EM BURNED DOWN. HAD KINGMAKER INSIDE IT AT THE TIME...
...OR SO THEY THOUGHT.

YOU'RE SAYING HE ESCAPED?
NOT BY HIMSELF. KINGMAKER'S A CRIPPLE. WHEELCHAIR-BOUND...
BUT WORD IS, BULLSEYE WAS BEING HELD THERE, TOO.
WAIT A SECOND. KINGMAKER AND BULLSEYE ARE BOTH EX-N.S.A.
WHY WERE THEY EVEN HELD IN A DENIABLE PRISON TO START WITH?
WHATEVER THEY DID, NOBODY TALKS ABOUT IT ON THE GRID.
BUT YOU CAN BELIEVE IT WAS SOMETHIN' NASTY.

SO BULLSEYE SPRINGS KINGMAKER FROM JAIL.
THEY COME TO NEW YORK, RE-ACTIVATE THE P.T.S.R. TERROR CELL, AND KILL THEIR OLD BOSS SENATOR GRAY BEFORE HE CAN BLOW THE WHISTLE ON THEM?
THAT MAKE SENSE TA YOU?
NOT REALLY.
FOR ONE THING, MY SOURCE SAYS BULLSEYE DIDN'T KILL GRAY. KINGMAKER JUST WANTS US TO THINK HE DID.
YOUR "SOURCE" ALSO TELL YOU KINGMAKER'S GONE ROGUE?
N.S.A. HAS A KILL ORDER ON HIM NOW. WHATEVER HE'S UP TO, IT AIN'T SANCTIONED.
EVERYTHING COMES BACK TO KINGMAKER. BUT WHO IS HE...?
BEATS ME. WAY ABOVE MY PAY GRADE. YOURS, TOO.
SOME THINGS, MAYBE IT'S BETTER NOT TO KNOW.
ARE YOU KIDDING? A ROGUE SPOOK, WITH A TERRORIST ARMY AND A SUPER VILLAIN AT HIS DISPOSAL? THIS IS WHAT I DO.
ANYWAY, THANKS, SPLIDGER. I OWE YOU ONE--AGAIN.
TELL YOU WHAT, URICH. YOU PROMISE NEVER T'A CALL ME AGAIN, AN' WE'LL CALL IT EVEN.

BRRT
BRRT
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU FOR OVER AN HOUR, URICH.
I WAS IN A DEAD ZONE.
LISTEN, I KNOW ABOUT THE N.S.A. PRISON. I KNOW KINGMAKER'S GONE ROGUE, AND BULLSEYE IS INVOLVED SOMEHOW. BUT IT'S THIN. SOMETHING DOESN'T ADD UP.
YOU'RE MISSING A PIECE OF THE PUZZLE. I CAN GIVE IT TO YOU.
JUST LIKE THAT? WHY THE HELL DIDN'T YOU DO THAT BEFORE?!
YOU'LL FIND OUT. MEET ME IN TWO HOURS.

YOU! GET MY JUMP-FIGHTER PREPPED FOR TAKEOFF!
AND YOU, SET THE BASE TO DESTRUCT! I WANT THIS PLACE VAPORIZED IN TEN MINUTES!
YES, SIR!
AWOOOGA
AWOOOGA
EVACUATE ALL PERSONNEL.
T-MINUS TEN MINUTES TO SELF-DESTRUCT.
NOW YOU JUST WAIT A DAMN MINUTE! I TOLD YOU, I WANT THE TRUTH!
THE TRUTH CAN WAIT, SOLO. WE CAN'T.
YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT BULLSEYE WILL CUT THROUGH THESE GOONS LIKE A KNIFE THROUGH HOT BUTTER, AND THEN HE'LL KILL ME--
--UNLESS YOU STOP HIM!
AWOOOGA
AWOOOGA
YOU HAVE TEN MINUTES BEFORE THIS FACILITY DESCENDS INTO THE NINTH CIRCLE OF HELL.
IF YOU MAKE IT OUT ALIVE, MEET ME AT RALLY POINT ALPHA. I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
WHOOOOOOSH

NICE OF 'EM TO LEAVE MY QUINJET LYING AROUND...
FREEZE!
SWARP
YEAH, LIKE THAT'S GONNA HAPPEN--
GUESS THAT SERVES ME RIGHT FOR TRYIN' TO BE THE GOOD GUY!
WHUD
GAAAH!
SKKASSSHH

DON'T MOVE! YOU'RE SURROUNDED!
YOU KNOW WHAT...?
SCREW YOU!
SLAM
SLAM
SLAM
SLAM
TO HELL WITH THIS...
RUN!

JUST YOU AND [redacted] NOW, SOLO...
I WOULDN'T HAVE IT--
--ANY OTHER WAY!
UUHF!
WHOK
HA!
THAT TELEPORT GIMMICK MAKES YOU FAST--
BLAM
BLAM
--BUT SPEED AIN'T EVERY-THING!

SPTANNGG
PEEOWMM
PING
AAAGH!
SPTINNGG
PTANG
PRO TIP, WINKY--YOU JUMP BEHIND A GUY'S BACK ENOUGH TIMES, HE'S GONNA GET WISE.
BOAM
RATS.
T-MINUS TWENTY SECONDS TO SELF-DESTRUCT.

WHOOOMM
COMPUTER! TRACK THE JUMP-JET THAT TOOK OFF FROM OUR PREVIOUS LOCATION!
SEARCHING...
TRACKING UNCORRELATED TARGET LOCATED AT THIRTY-FIVE DEGREES, RANGE FORTY MILES, AIRSPEED MACH TWO...
FLIGHT CHARACTERISTICS INDICATE STARK INDUSTRIES X-4000 VARIABLE AIRFRAME--
AWRIGHT, SPARE ME THE INFOMERCIAL!
JUST PLOT ME AN INTERCEPT AND PATCH ME INTO ITS COMMS!

HEY, DAD! YOU LEFT WITHOUT SAYING GOOD-BYE!
THAT REALLY HURTS, YOU KNOW? YOUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD...
WHAT?! HOW THE HELL DID YOU--?
OH, I'M AN AVENGER NOW. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ALL THE CRAZY TOYS THEY LET ME PLAY WITH!
AAAH!
YOU MANIAC!
TARGET ACQUIRED.
FIRE!
VWOOSH

WARNING! INCOMING MISSILE!
EVASIVE ACTION ADVISED!
GEE, THANKS, COMPUTER! HITLER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT!
HEADS UP, POPS! ONE RETURN PACKAGE, COMING RIGHT UP!
OH, PLEASE.
COUNTER-MEASURES!
SHHF
SHHF
SHHF

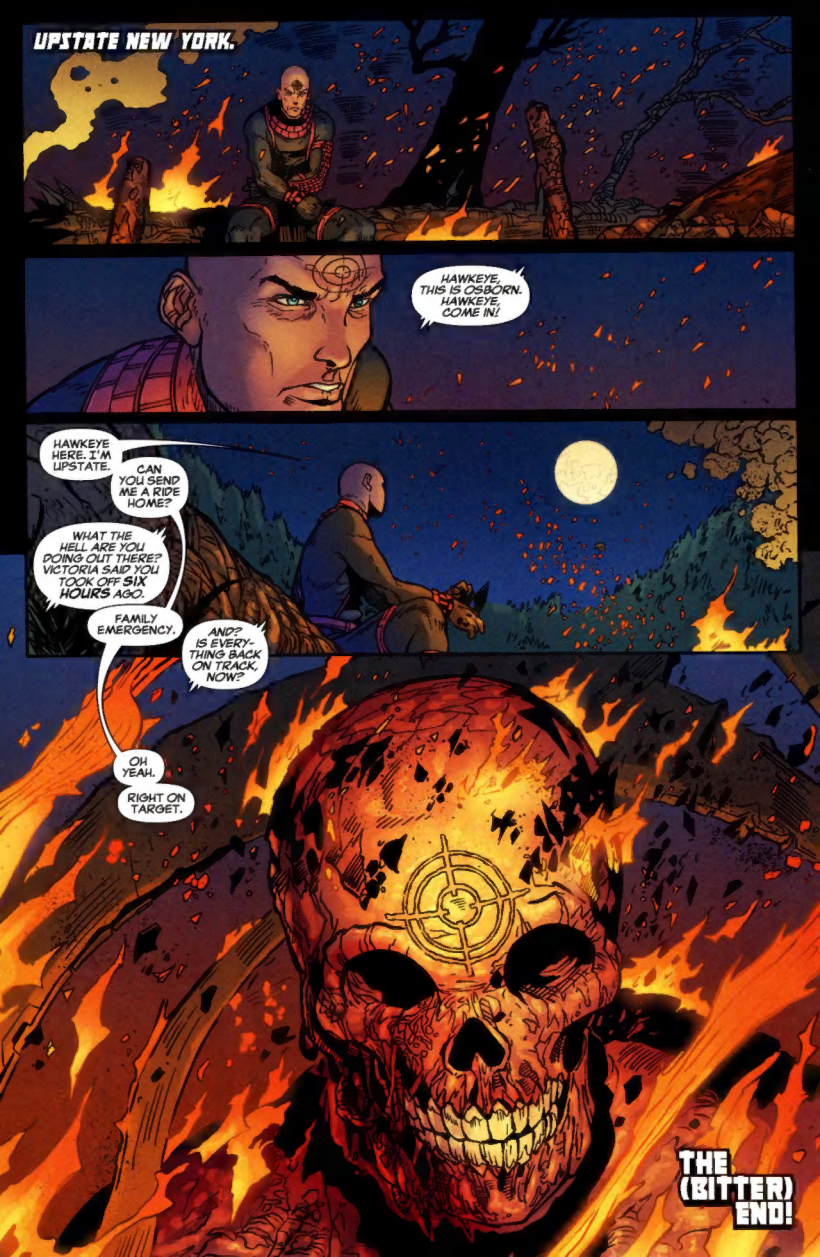
BOOOM
THAT THE BEST YOU'VE GOT?
NOT BY A LONG SHOT, LESTER...
...BUT WHY [redacted] BOTHER? YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT QUINJETS DON'T CARRY ARMAMENTS.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, FOLLOW [redacted] TO DEATH?
YOU STILL DON'T GET IT, DO YOU? I'M BULLSEYE.
IN MY HANDS, ANYTHING IS A WEAPON...
INCLUDING THIS PLANE!

VaBOOM
WHOOSH!
BULLSEYE!

LESTER..!
KRASH

HELP...
HELP ME...
P-PLEASE--!
NO.
BUT DON'T WORRY, DAD. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE. AND NEITHER ARE YOU...
...Y'SEE, THIS TIME, I'M GOING TO STAY AND WATCH.
ISN'T THIS GREAT? FATHER AND SON, OUT IN THE WOODS, BONDING OVER A FIRE...
...SHOULDA BROUGHT S'MORES.

BRRT
BRRT
WHO THE HELL IS THIS?!
IT'S ROBBIE, BEN! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
OH, JEEZ...
SORRY, ROBBIE... ROUGH DAY.
IT'S ABOUT TO GET WORSE.
OSBORN'S PEOPLE ARE HERE. THEY'RE THREATENING TO SHUT DOWN YOUR INVESTIGATION.
FRONT LINE OFFICES.
DON'T WORRY, I TOLD THEM TO KISS MY BUTT.
SO HOW'S YOUR STORY GOING? YOU GOT WHAT YOU NEED?
MY SOURCE DRIED UP, ROBBIE. I'VE GOT NOTHING BUT HEARSAY AND CONJECTURE...
IT'S A DEAD END.


UPSTATE NEW YORK.
HAWKEYE, THIS IS OSBORN. HAWKEYE, COME IN!
HAWKEYE HERE. I'M UPSTATE.
CAN YOU SEND ME A RIDE HOME?
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING OUT THERE? VICTORIA SAID YOU TOOK OFF SIX HOURS AGO.
FAMILY EMERGENCY.
AND? IS EVERYTHING BACK ON TRACK, NOW?
OH YEAH.
RIGHT ON TARGET.
THE (BITTER) END!